Sirius Rising

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Sirius Rising

by lumosatnight

Summary

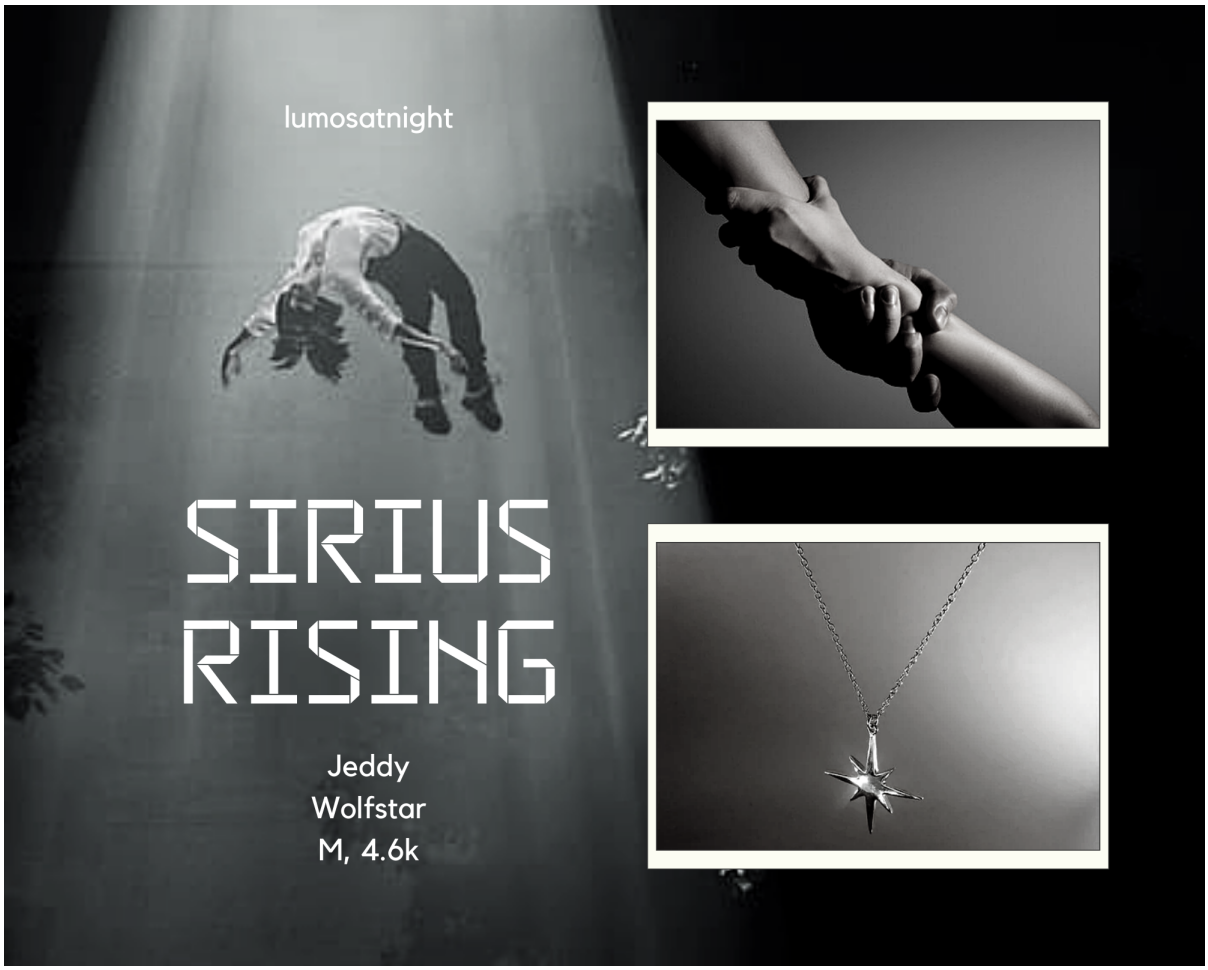
I always wondered what happened when Sirius fell, those Ancient Egyptians watching his star fall from the sky, watching that brightness plummet to his demise, falling farther and farther from our world into another.
Sirius falling… falling… falling…
How could they bear it? How can I?

The same story set decades apart, separated by a curtain of love and loss. Maybe this time around our ending will be different.

Notes

Thank you leftsidedown for the speedy and enthusiastic beta! I thoroughly appreciated all of your EXCLAMATORY comments. You were an absolute joy to work with 💙

See the end of the work for more notes



I rise like the sun above olive trees.
Where there is light, I shall be.
Where there is darkness, there is none of me.
I rise like the moon above date palms.
I am counted as one among stars.

— The Book of the Dead

☆ ☆ ☆

The Ancient Egyptians used to have a festival during spring—when prosperity flooded the Nile, when longevity fertilised their crops. They partied and drank, sang and danced, left writings on the wall, brought pleasure into their beds.

They celebrated when the dog star first appeared on the horizon. It was the symbol of something new. It meant rebirth and new beginnings. Happiness and love and life. They watched as Sirius climbed higher into the sky, drink on their lips and joy in their eyes.

I always wondered what happened when Sirius fell, when the light from his star was swallowed by the hills, when the Nile retreated and the happiness washed away.

What did those Egyptians do? Did they know when the end was near? Felt a chill go down their spine?

Sirius falling… falling… falling…

How could they bear it? How can I?

☆ ☆ ☆

"Spread out!" An order from the highest rank, and our small group instantly disperses.

Spinning around, taking my hand, black hair and twinkling eyes. I follow him because he is my light, my star. I have his back, and he has mine.

Curses flying, bolts of light searing so close but always missing their target. Archways of death calling from the beyond, but they will not take me today. Not today.

"Nice one, James!" An exclamation amongst the battlefield.

Harry brandishes his wand, smiling proudly.

But then… but then…

A burst of blinding light, and he is falling.

Cackling, screeching, an exclamation of vindictive glee. Harry chasing after a mane of wild hair.

A silver chain, caught, tumbling to the floor. A necklace without its owner, a star without its name.

I know how they felt now, those Ancient Egyptians watching Sirius fall from the sky, watching that brightness plummet to his demise, falling farther and farther from our world into another.

It feels like this—my hand grasping at thin air, slipping on nothing, his black hair falling into his eyes as the Veil pulls him under.

I scream out his name, but he does not hear me.

It feels like defeat.

☆ ☆ ☆

It is difficult to say exactly when it started, but if I were to pinpoint a precise moment, it would be this.

I remember it quite clearly, like it was only yesterday. In fact, sometimes I close my eyes and it *is* yesterday, an unforgettable painting brushed beneath my eyelids: the billows of steam, the clatter of trunks, the shining red of the train.

It is all right there.

It was his first train ride to Hogwarts. Actually, it was his first train ride ever. He had been too scared as a child by the glaring tracks of steel and the aggressive firing of whistles, preferring to Floo or Side-Along everywhere.

I suppose it was my first train ride as well—my first with *him.*

I saw him on the platform, a nervous figure cloaked in mist, his mother's strong grip on his shoulders, his father's wary glances around Platform Nine and Three-Quarters, his younger brother lingering at his side.

They turned to him with a smile, brushed back his black fringe, hugged him close, clutched at the hem of his robes until the very last second.

The trunk he was dragging was enormous, almost as big as his entire body—perks of coming from a well-off family—overwhelming compared to my own modestly-sized trunk.

He found me on the train, alone or abandoned or maybe both.

We made small talk and, though his voice was cocky, sure, I noticed the nervous twitch of his hands, the faraway look in his pale eyes. So I asked him.

"My family has a reputation, you know. If I don't get into the right house"—his nose wrinkled cutely—"they'll shun me."

"They won't shun you," I told him. I believed this to be the truth.

He shrugged his bony shoulders. "Maybe, maybe not."

A beautiful blonde relative came in to whisk him away. He smiled at me, sheepish in his youth, cocky in his innocence.

I smiled back.

That was the first time I really noticed him, and the first time he noticed me.

☆ ☆ ☆

"You're at the wrong table." A body plopped down onto the bench beside me.

As usual, the Great Hall was mostly empty at seven o'clock on a Saturday morning. But not entirely empty because he was there, red robes swallowing his small frame.

"So are you." I took a bite of toast and tried to ignore him. The book in my lap might have been upside down.

"Sit with me," he said, those wide wide eyes looking up at me.

I continued reading.

Werewolves are pack-oriented creatures.

“C’mon, pleeeease. No one’s awake yet. I’m all by myself.”

They are known to create lasting emotional bonds with others, sometimes as soon as the first encounter.

“Alright, fine.” I slung my tattered bag over my shoulder, snapping my book closed and waving goodbye to the few Ravenclaws I’d managed to befriend in awkward silence.

He pulled me along to the Gryffindor table, hand on my sleeve.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was a gradual thing, falling for him.

Watching his black hair lengthen past his ears. His shoulders growing to fill out his red and gold robes. His brilliant eyes twinkling with more and more mischief with each passing year.

I grew used to his body beside mine—always so small, always so warm—sitting by the fire, meandering down corridors. I grew used to calls chasing me up winding staircases, following me into abandoned libraries (“Lupin! Where are you going?” “Go away. I’m trying to read.”).

But he was not the only one calling, for he was quite popular, with his name, his reputation, his carefully chiselled jaw (“James… Sirius… you gotta see this! Come quick!”). I was left staring at his retreating back, him and his friends being swept away in a swirl of laughter and bright smiles.

Mutual acquaintances, mutual interests.

We became friends, sharing secrets, trading smiles. Ruffling his hair, patting his shoulders. Exchanging presents across a Christmas fire and flying through Scottish countrysides on muggy August evenings.

It was many years before I could name the emotion growing under my ribs, could admit to myself that what I felt for him was more than pure friendship, was more than my mind and body could bear.

Then, once he had the map, there was no stopping him.

And no stopping my heart.

☆ ☆ ☆

OWL exams: the first taste of adulthood. The first true milestone of joining the ranks of the wizarding world, of becoming an honourable member of society.

“Hey, what’s number five?” (Or maybe not so honourable)

“I’m not helping you cheat.”

I shuffled away, but not before I saw his eyes crinkling with amusement.

☆ ☆ ☆

“I’m worried about my brother.” A whispered confession wretched apart on the first rays of sunrise, the golden beams spilling across the London skyline, the warmth caressing under my collarbone.

“He hasn’t talked to me in months.” Long arms swaying over the railing of the balcony. One push and they would tumble off the edge, falling into the black chasm below. “I’m worried about him down there. All alone in Slytherin.”

I shifted to face him, our knees bumping with the proximity. “He’s not alone,” I said because no one is ever truly alone.

“Yeah, well…” He ran a hand through his dark hair. It nearly reached his shoulders now, shoulders broadening out from intense Quidditch training and the inevitable passage of time.

“He has friends.” We all have friends—invisible, imaginary, impossible, but friends nonetheless.

He scoffed. “Yeah, friends with Malfoy and the rest of the snakes.”

Our knees bumped again, then our elbows, then our noses.

Our breaths mixed in the cool morning air, puffs of hope and desire lifting into the orange sky.

“You’re so young.” I pulled away. “You don’t know what you want.”

He laughed, mirth and misery all wrapped into one delicate, lingering sound.

“And what are you, an old grandpa? Sometimes you sure act like one.”

The sun rose higher. Orange becoming yellows, yellows becoming blues.

I stood on the balcony alone watching London come alive without me below.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Potters’ house was a maze of unrestrained chaos. Children scampering across the floor, pets hiding in dusty rafters, gnomes popping out of abandoned cupboards. Mrs Potter chased them out with a good whack from her broom. Mr Potter watched the proceedings with fond amusement. I thought I glimpsed him helping a snake up the stairs.

Each time I visited was something new.

Lily sat beside me, red hair fanning out across the backrest. She had always been the best out of all of us.

“He likes you. He likes you a lot.” She sipped her butterbeer, her gaze steady.

“Hardly seems that way”—I gave a one shoulder shrug—“with the way he’s been dating around.”

Lily huffed, rolled her big bright eyes. “That’s ‘cause you told him to.”

“I did not,” I protested.

“Didn’t you?”

I frowned, reconsidered, turned the memory over in my head. I remembered standing on a London balcony, his confession brighter than the sunrise, puffs of breath so close I could taste him on my tongue.

Lily sighed. “You like him too.”

“Yes,” I said because there was no denying it.

“Then what are you so worried about?”

“It’s just…” Doubts rattled my thoughts, seeped through my desire. “You know what I am… what I’m like. What if people disapprove? What if the Potters don’t… What if James doesn’t…”

We both looked over at him. There he was, face twisted in concentration, hand wrapped around a jar of… pickles? With a grunt and a twist of his wrist, the lid came clean off. Green juice went flying, dousing the floor, the counter, the front of his shirt clean through.

Lily rolled her eyes, gave an exasperated sigh. “I know James better than anyone.” She took my hand, stared at me with a ferocity rivalling a thousand suns. “He won’t care.”

☆ ☆ ☆

The quiet creak of the door opening. I thought I remembered to turn the lock for the night, but Muggle doors were nothing compared to a wizard with a wand. Bouncing between jobs so much left it difficult to afford a flat with a proper magical lock.

First the Department of Education, then the antiques shop in Diagon Alley, and finally the Muggle bookstore around the corner. It was my fault, partly. Better to leave them high and dry than wait until I disappointed them.

“Hi.”

He was there in my shabby flat, looking at me with brilliant pale eyes, the black leather of his jacket stretching across broad shoulders.

Fuck, he looked good.

“You know we’re graduated now. *I’m* graduated now.” He paused, glanced down, shifted his weight to the other foot. “I tried dating other people like you told me to, and… I still want you.”

“How do you know?” I couldn’t help but ask.

He gave a startled laugh. “You daft bastard. I’ve liked you since fifth year, right around OWLs, but I didn’t want to push because I knew you were stressed with”—he waved a careless hand—“everything.”

“Yeah, with OWLs.”

“C’mon. They weren’t even that bad for you.” He took a step closer so that I could see the way his hair curled around the dip of his chin. “You could probably mark the correct answers in your sleep.”

“I don’t know,” I said. I took a step back, but he merely stepped with me. He was so stubborn, fearless, perfect. “I’m not right for you. You’re *you,* and I’m *me.* With your name and your looks you could have anybody.”

He made a face. “That’s all my parents. Just because of my last name, people fall at my feet. It’s embarrassing really.” His stare turned piercing. “And I don’t care about having anybody. *I want you.”*

Those words, those eyes, that voice, rough and deep. He was brilliant—blinding—my own personal siren’s call. There was no way I could resist him for long.

“Okay,” I said because what else was I to say?

“Okay?”

“Yes, okay. We’ll give this a go—whatever *this* is.” I gestured between us.

His lips curved into a smile, only the one side, like he was trying to hide the rest inside.

I kissed him just to feel his smile against mine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Patience. Careful. Calm.

“I don’t want to hurt you. I’m a lot stronger than you. I think maybe we should wait—”

“You won’t hurt me.”

My body hovering above his. Swaths of naked skin trembling with each careful touch. Black hair haloed across a white pillowcase.

“Ready?”

“Merlin, almighty. Just put it in me alre— *hnngh.”*

His eyes closed, breath coming out in staccato pants. I lifted my hips, let them fall, pressed in with adagio strokes, pushed us both closer to the crescendo.

“Nnnh … you feel… oh god, don’t stop.”

“I won't. I promise.”

I pressed my lips to his forehead and lifted my hips again.

☆ ☆ ☆

People say that love is made up of small moments—tiny moments piled up on top of one another—stitched together until a beautiful tapestry is woven.

That is true, I suppose.

Take my parents for example. They were so different, two different backgrounds. One living his entire life in secret, hiding in plain sight. The other young, carefree, oblivious until she wasn't.

And yet, they met, fell in love, had me—their son, their only son.

Their love was simple, pure. A comforting pat on the back, a small smile. Hands brushing over morning cups of coffee, a body keeping the bed warm when the other was away.

Their love was a wondrous thing. *His* love was a wondrous thing.

“I love it,” he said, slipping the chain around his neck.

I love you, I wanted to say but didn’t.

Not yet.

The silver star dipped beneath the collar of his shirt. A star for a star. *My star.*

“It’s not a big deal. I found it going through some of my dad’s old stuff.”

“Family heirloom?” He bumped his shoulder into mine. “Well, I’m honoured.”

“Ahh, you know… us Lupins, such a prestigious bunch, barely able to afford rent.”

“Don’t sell yourself short.” A hand came up to cradle my face, wind through my curls. “I, for one, would love to be a Lupin.”

Love is a wondrous thing.

☆ ☆ ☆

“So what exactly is your official job title now?” He leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, long black hair braided at the nape of his neck.

I glanced up briefly from the case I was packing. “Ancient Intelligence Extractor.”

“And what is it that you actually do?”

“Love, you know I can’t go into specific details. It’s cla—”

“Classified. Yeah, I know.” He kicked his toe into the doorframe, face set into a scowl. “But I still don’t like it, not at all. Why do you get sent to all the dangerous places?”

“There are some things only I can do with my… unique skill set.”

“Why, because you have a better nose?” His own nose wrinkled cutely.

“Partly…” I abandoned my case, took the few short steps over to the door. I pulled him into my arms, burying my face in his neck. “I promise I’ll be safe,” I whispered into his hair.

“I know, I’m just… I worry about you.”

“Don’t.” I pulled back, held his beloved face in my hands. “You don’t have to worry about me.”

He closed his eyes, his head tipping into my hand, contentment pooling across my palm.

“I’ll be fine. No mummies or ancient beasts coming out to eat me, I promise.” A deliberate stroke down his cheek. Watching the trail of blush bloom across his cheekbone.

“It’s not the mummies I’m worried about,” he grumbled.

I pressed my lips to his forehead, exhaled across the skin, felt him shiver.

“I’ll be back soon. I’ll always come back to you.”

☆ ☆ ☆

“Stay with me.” I reached out a hand, trailed it down his arm.

He flinched away. “I”—he stared at me, and for the first time I felt afraid—“can’t.”

“But the moon…”

“I know. I’m sorry, but I got called in for a mission.”

“But can’t you just…”

“Just what? I can’t tell them ‘Oh, sorry. Can’t come in to do my job because my boyfriend needs me.’ Plus, you were doing just fine on your own before. I’m sure you can handle it by yourself.”

The extraction job had taken longer than either of us had planned. And when I returned, everything was different. *He* was different.

"I… alright." I retracted my hand. "Be safe then. I'll"— *miss you* —"see you when you get back. And then we can"— *go back to how things were* —"order takeaway and lounge on the couch."

He lifted a hand, closer and closer, close enough for me to lean my face into his palm. He dropped the hand before I could.

A last glance, tight eyes, downturned lips. The closing of the door, keys in the lock.

"Come back to me," I whispered, but he was already gone.

The moon wasn't the same.

Grinding bones, shifting skin. The feeling of wanting to separate myself from my own body, to look down at it from above.

Restless energy. So much of it.

Rolling, boiling, consuming.

I smashed a lamp against the wall just because I could. He would clean it up when he came back.

If he came back.

"So, Professor Lupin. That has a nice ring to it."

I would recognize that voice anywhere. It could be twelve days or twelve years, and I would know it all the same. I spun around, spotted him leaning against the doorway, arms crossed over his chest, meagre luggage at his side. He looked thinner, older, wearier.

"It was only temporary. They'll have already found another DADA professor by now."

His eyes appraised me, so bright and full of fear. I felt tethered to the intensity of his gaze.

"You look good in that sweater vest," he said.

"You look terrible," I said in response.

"Yeah, well, that's what you get when you're gone for so long with limited food and Dementors lurking about." He cracked a smile, and my chest filled with warmth. "Think they could send someone else to Azkaban next time? Think the Ministry could handle that? I

would very much like to never have to deal with another self-proclaimed Death Eater ever again. That was not a pleasant vacation at all."

I took a step towards him. "I'd hardly count that as a vacation."

"Vacation, horrible Auror grunt work, forced imprisonment against my will. Same thing, really." He shrugged, watched me slowly getting closer.

"That's not really the same thing at all." Another step.

"Isn't it?"

"No, it's really not." One final step, then we were chest to chest, no space left to go.

"I'm"—his breath floated across my face—"sorry."

Sorry, could mean so many things. *I'm sorry I missed the moon,* he could have said. Or, *I'm sorry I went away.*

"I'm glad you're back," was all I said, and then I kissed him, just to feel his breath against mine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Creaking and groaning. A rusted number twelve shifting into view.

"Looks like it's all mine now." His lip curled in disgust. "What am I supposed to do with it? It looks like it hasn't been touched in years."

"Probably not." I squinted down the street. In the height of its time, it would have been a fine street indeed. Now, it was just dark and grey, unkempt cobblestones and cobwebbed street lights.

A weary sigh. "Good ol' mum never got around to cleaning it out. And I'm sure dad was no help. Reckon they figured I would do it."

"Or your brother would."

A sharp intake of breath. His brother was often a touchy subject. Sometimes, we pretended he didn't have a brother at all. Others, we flipped through family photo albums, reminiscing about his childhood laughter.

The squeaking of the door, peering into a dark hallway, the musty smell of rot and decay coming out to greet us.

"Lovely."

"Hmm." I wiped my hand across a dusty railing. "It's not bad."

He scoffed. "Only you would think this death trap of a house is 'not bad.'"

“It just needs a good sweep, that's all.”

I started up the stairs, long and winding, like the mansions I had only read about in novels. He stopped me with a hand around my waist.

“I”—he set something in my palm—“want you to have this.”

It was a key, silver and ornate, the Black family crest carved into the side.

“But the house is yours…”

He pressed the key into my hand, curled my fingers around the ridges. “What’s mine is yours.”

☆ ☆ ☆

A flash of a curtain, a quick peak outside.

“Death Eaters are on the prowl again. Think there’s one watching the house right now.” I threw another barricade spell against the door. One could never be too careful.

“Damn fascists. You’d think the ministry would be better at catching all of them.” He put another cigarette between his lips, lit it with the end of his wand. It was a recent habit, brought on by the stress of hiding inside.

“There’s always some that get away.” I sat across from him, reached for my glass of brandy I'd left balancing on the footstool. “Do you think it will be down to Harry again?”

“It better not be.” A puff of smoke, a flick of a hand. “But if it is, they’ll have to get past us first.”

“You should talk to him. He must be having a rough time with everything starting again.”

“He’s… difficult to talk to sometimes.” Another puff, another flick. “He closes himself off. Thinks he doesn’t want to burden us with all his problems.”

“Yes, but surely he’ll talk to you. You’re his—”

“I doubt it.” He snubbed out the cigarette on the edge of the chair, ran a hand through his hair, and sighed. “His scar’s been hurting. He’s been trying to hide it, but I can tell.”

☆ ☆ ☆

It was an absolute madhouse. Too many Weasleys, too many redheads, not enough adults.

Mrs Weasley ran past, looking harried.

“Fred, if you don’t give that back this instant, I am telling your father!”

An echoing laugh replying from somewhere in the massive house. I didn't know how much of a punishment that would be.

"Oh, hello dears. Enjoying the fire?" Mrs Weasley paused in her chase down the hall to stand with her hands on her hips, eyebrows raised.

"Yes. It's, um, it's very nice." I did my best to tuck the bottle of scotch behind the chair leg and hide my glass from view.

She turned to him beside me, still sipping unashamedly from his glass. "Don't think I didn't see you there. No getting drunk around the younger ones, you hear me? At least wait until they get settled for the night."

He grinned at her. "Cross my heart."

"Hmm, good." A glance around the empty room. "Have either of you seen George?"

"Think I saw him in the attic earlier," he volunteered. "I could go look with you."

"He better not be working on those fireworks again. It's the holidays. When will he ever give it a rest?"

He raised his glass, downed the rest in one go, gave me a conspiratorial wink over the rim. "When George stops pranking is when you know he's been *Imperiused."*

Mrs Weasley huffed, but we could tell she privately agreed.

As soon as she swept him away, Harry ambled in, hands in his pockets. That was the problem with big families, big houses, big holidays. There was always someone around, always someone to interrupt.

"Harry," I said, "how are you?"

It really had been a while since we'd talked, long enough that I had forgotten how very bright his eyes were, how very black his hair was. Traits that ran in his family the same way that werewolf blood ran in mine.

He smirked at me, tired yet alight. "Oh, you know, the usual. Dark Lords out to kill me, trying to get into my head. How have you been?"

Conversation was easy, natural. It was easy to picture him as my family. Maybe one day he would be.

"You are so much like your father."

A break in the conversation, an unwavering comparison. Shoulders puffing in approval, but it didn't change the facts. It wouldn't bring back the people we loved no matter how much we tried.

I tried not to notice Harry's small sad smile following me as I left.

☆ ☆ ☆

And now we arrive at the climax of the hour where there is darkness and light. A fateful wish made upon a bright star.

Kingsley Shacklebolt's patronus soars in through the wall, the lynx flashing and prowling in the dark room. "There's been a break-in at the Ministry. Back-up needed at the Department of Mysteries."

We both go because what is one without the other? He will not stay behind, and I will not let him go alone.

"Harry already here?"

"He never bothers waiting for backup. Reckless as always." Kingsley waves a wand in front of him, his deep blue robes radiating authority. "Spread out!" he orders our small group. "She's in here somewhere, and we're going to catch her. We can't let her get away."

Long corridors of glossy tiles, rooms filled with spinning doors, archways of whispering death. We are partners, seamlessly completing our song and dance. I have his back, and he has mine.

Curses flying, bolts of light searing so close but always missing their target.

"Nice one, James!" An exclamation amongst the battlefield.

Harry brandishes his wand, smiling proudly.

But then… but then…

A burst of blinding light, and he is falling.

Cackling, screeching, an exclamation of vindictive glee. Harry chasing after a mane of wild silver hair.

A silver chain, caught, tumbling to the floor. A necklace without its owner, a star without its name.

I thrust my hand into the void, grasping at thin air, slipping on nothing.

I scream out his name.

It cannot be true. He cannot be gone.

And then I feel it, his hand connecting with mine, through the curtains of ice and layers of despair.

I grip his hand tighter and pull.

I know how they felt now, those Ancient Egyptians watching Sirius rise in the sky, above the rocks and the trees, above the golden hills of sand and the white clouds drifting by.

It feels like this—my hand in his, dragging his body higher, his black hair rising from beyond the Veil until he is in my arms once more.

“James Sirius Potter, don’t you ever scare me like that again. I thought I’d lost you.” I cradle his face in my hands, both of us collapsing, my tears falling around us, a cascade of iridescent raindrops staining the floor.

“Teddy,” he says, his brilliant hazel eyes staring up at me.

He smiles at my tears, reaches up, and wipes them away.

It feels like triumph.

☆ ☆ ☆

It is difficult to say exactly when our story started, but that is okay.

If I open a book, that is the beginning.

If I set it down, that is the end.

If I flip to a new page, that is the new beginning.

So maybe, Hogwarts was not our beginning.

This is.

My own star coming back to me, coming home.

My Sirius Rising.

☆ ☆ ☆

End Notes

Was this Teddy's POV or Remus's POV? *Well, both actually.*

All of the scenes except the last 2 sections (when Teddy saves James Sirius at the DoM) can be read both from Teddy *and* Remus's POV. They are purposely left ambiguous for this very reason. Also, in this universe, Delphini exists but the events of Cursed Child do not. She takes the Dark Lord route and starts another Dark Arts insurgence. James Sirius is an Auror tasked with helping his father, Harry, take her down.

Fun history fact: Sirius Rising was an actual festival celebrated in Ancient Egypt, normally called the Sothic Rising, that occurred yearly in spring. It was celebrated as the start of the new year when the Nile would flood and fertilize their fields.

Thank you for reading 🐺 ⭐

This work is a part of the HP Next Gen Fest, celebrating all Harry Potter Next Generation characters and pairings. The creators will be revealed on July 15th, 2022. Please check out the event tumblr for more information and be sure to follow along to catch all of the incredible creations we have lined up for this series!

Be sure to leave the creator love if you enjoyed their work! Thank you!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!